

Academy Place, Warrington, 1846, Nov 2<sup>d</sup>

12-20 A.M.

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My Dear Brother,

I have been working very hard, getting ready the accompanying. H. C. Wright was to have taken them to America, but, as he is not going, will you do me the favour to convey them. — The brown paper parcel contains packages of pamphlets, and unsent letters, which may wait any length of time till there is a convenient way of sending them. — The large package contains things for the Anti-slavery Fair, my contribution for this year, viz. 5 vases of York Minister, framed in its own wood from the fire, and some pamphlets. I have not glazed the former, that they may travel

safer; they can be glazed easily in  
Boston, & ought to fetch, I think,  
£2.10 or £3 for the large one, and  
about 10/- each for the small ones. Their  
value is of course adventitious. You  
& H. C. W. would not care for them;  
but I doubt not there are plenty of  
people in Boston who will.

I am very sorry I can't come over  
to Dood to see you off; but I have  
to lecture here myself; and moreover  
it's my sister's turn.

I shall be glad to feel free to  
write to you now & then, if I  
have anything worth saying; and  
if at any time you can spare  
a little while from more important  
matters, I shall be delighted to receive

a note from you.

I could of wished you could have  
preached here yesterday, but you  
are not blessed with omnipresence.  
I hope however, we shall have  
Thompson & Douglas here this  
winter.

Wishing you a prosperous voyage  
& all success, I am

your faithful brother

Philip P. Carpenter

W. L. Garrison

## LOOKING TO JESUS.

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Thou, who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality ;  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast past from earth,—passed to thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace  
In thy celestial face  
The image of the bright, the viewless One ;  
Nor may thy servants hear,  
Save with faith's raptured ear,  
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son !

Our eyes behold thee not,  
Yet hast thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee ;  
Before thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
And shall we, in dismay,  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around us spread ?

O thou, who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife !  
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bow'd ?  
Raise thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love,  
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom  
Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
That light of love our guiding star shall be :  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which shall lead to thee.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.